



Historical Sketches of Glencoe, Illinois.

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POLITICAL HISTORY OF GLENCOE

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President of the Village.

That the contour of this North Shore was in about the shape that we see it today when Columbus discovered America, I feel confident. My reason for this belief is the fact that some of the white oak trees which are now standing are between three and four hundred years old. Some few years ago, one of these monarchs of the original forest died, and in cutting it down I counted 375 distinct rings. The tree had been dying atop for some time and, as a result, during the later years it put out an imperfect growth. This growth was about one and a half inches in thickness, and from the nature of the growth I estimated that it would have taken at least twenty-five years for this imperfect development. This is my proof that the tree was standing at the time Columbus discovered America.

Now it is not my intention to review the history of Glencoe from that early date. I would like, however, to tell you briefly something about the early proprietors of the soil. In 1681, when LaSalle came to this locality, he refers to a trip from the mouth of the St. Joe river to what is now the Chicago river and states that during that time he was in the

land of the Miamis. These indians had a village at the mouth of the river where Chicago now stands, while the powerful tribe of the Illinois Indians were located a little farther south. The Pottawatomies, who belonged to the powerful Algonquin family, were located originally in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie. They were hunters and fishermen and inclined to be aggressive and warlike. They gradually worked their way south until they reached this locality and the Miamis, who formerly made their headquarters at the mouth of the Chicago river, deserted that camping place and went farther East, in order to be nearer their brethren in the state of Michigan. The Pottawatomies were faithful allies of the French until after the death of Pontiac, and took part with that chieftain in his attack on Fort St. Joseph in May 1763 and the subsequent siege of Detroit. It is said that Pontiac, disappointed at the results of his efforts to keep the hated English from the region of Detroit, came to Illinois and made a settlement with the Ottawas (on the banks of the Kankakee river). In 1769 he was assassinated and the Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawatomies believed that the Illinois indians were accessory to the crime. In revenge for the death of their

idolized leader war was waged by the Pottawatomies and Northern tribes against the Illinois until the latter were exterminated and the victors had possession of all Northern Illinois. Starved Rock in LaSalle County was the scene of the final disaster which completely annihilated the once powerful nation which gave the state of Illinois its name.

The Pottawatomies were now the dominant tribe in upper Illinois. In August 1821 a treaty with the Indians resulted in their ceding to the United States government five millions of acres.

The conference was held in Chicago just north of the river and between north State street and Pine street. By this treaty the Government agreed to pay the Indians \$5,000 per annum for a period of twenty years and \$1,000 per annum for the support of a blacksmith and a teacher among them. In the course of the proceedings Governor Cass defined the limits of the country then owned by the Pottawatomies as extending along both banks of the Illinois and its tributaries. On the north it reached along the western shore of Lake Michigan to the Winnebagoes of Green Bay; on the East they claimed all the country beyond the St. Joseph to the head waters of the Maumee and the Wabash, and on the west to the territory of the Sacs and Foxes on the Mississippi.

The last treaty between these Indians and the United States prior to their removal to the Indian Territory was made at Chicago in September 1833. The Indians did not care to sell their land; they loved it and wanted to remain upon it, but because they loved whisky better than everything else, and because they were allowed to drink until they could care for nothing else, they but passively "put their hands to the quill" and signed away the land which they had conquered and had claimed for three-quarters of a century. The land ceded by this treaty contained about five million acres. So in 1833 this beautiful North Shore passed from the control of the Indians to the United States government. This was the first transfer of real estate.

We have little evidence that the Indians frequented this North Shore to any extent. They passed through this part of the country on their way to and from Green Bay and other northern points, but there is no indication that they used this locality as a camping ground.

For a number of years I cherished the idea that the bent trees "Indian trees," of which we have several examples throughout our village, were old camping places of some of the Indians. I believed implicitly the story that at night the Indians would bend a tree and tie it down in a horizontal position about two or three feet from the ground, over which they would spread their skins and crawl under the improvised tent to spend the night. When I began looking up this history I found that one man had an idea that the tree was bent in this particular manner to represent a monument, indicating the burial place of some departed chieftain, while another put forth the theory that they were marks used by the Indians in blazing their trail and still another said they were marks used by the government surveyors. Possibly some of you have other theories—I leave you to select whichever you like.

There is one legend of Indian life in this vicinity which has to do with Summach Knoll, with which many of you are familiar, on the shore of the lake just north of Central Avenue, where Dr. Watson has recently built and I give the story as nearly as possible as it was told to me:

Many years ago a tribe of Indians had their camp at the mouth of what is now known as Newhall's ravine. The old chief was high strung and revengeful. He had two children, a son and daughter, and was proud of both. The son, however, in some unaccountable way incurred the old chief's displeasure and was driven from the camp. The daughter who was very fond of her brother, grieved and would not be comforted, and after a time the old chieftain discovered that she would slip away from camp and be gone hours at a

time. Try as he might the old chief could not learn why or where she went. He kept a close watch on her and one mild September night he was rewarded by seeing her glide out of the camp. He followed her south along the lake shore some distance when she disappeared among the Summachs. As the chief parted the bushes and peered through them he caught sight of his beloved daughter in the embrace of a stalwart buck wearing the head-dress of another tribe. One glance was enough. The frenzied chief drew his hatchet and brained the Indian on the spot, and his blood spattered the Summach. The girl, when she realized that her beloved brother (for it was he) was dead, gave a shriek and rushed to the bluff and plunged over. The next morning the summachs which had been a beautiful green the day before had turned to a bright red.

This is the legend. You have seen for yourself the blood-red summachs in September.

Mr. Anson H. Taylor came to Chicago as early as 1829, and spent his time in and near Chicago thereafter. Early in the 30's he wanted to find higher ground and so he set out and followed the Indian trail along the sand ridge later known as the Green Bay road. When he reached the lake near the place where the house of the late Robert Scott now stands he chose this for his home and built a log house near the edge of the bluff. He acquired the title to this property by letters patent from the government. One of these parchments dated 1839 is signed by Martin Van Buren, the other dated 1845 is signed by James K. Polk. (Exhibits documents).

Later on Taylor's house was moved to the Green Bay Road about five hundred feet farther west, where he built a substantial frame addition to the house and opened a tavern (that part of the Green Bay road was closed several years ago). The old house stood just east of the row of evergreens which are midway between Sheridan road and Green Bay road as it is now located in front of the Scott property. Henry Taylor, who is with us tonight, was

born in this house. The tavern was known as the Lapier House. Here is the old sign which swung over the entrance (exhibiting a weather-beaten sign about three feet square, bearing the inscription "Lapier house, A. H. Taylor"). This was probably the first sign ever swung to the breeze in this part of the North Shore. The house was built in the early 40's.

In addition to being proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Taylor was postmaster and the mail was distributed to the outlying residents by a boy on horse-back.

The old stage-coach ran twice a week carrying passengers and mail, and speaking of the stage coach reminds me of a story which I know you have all heard, but I doubt if any of you know the origin of it.

The setting of this story is the road east of Mr. Killen's house, near Hubbard woods—a road proverbially muddy.

One day as the stage was leaving the Lapier House for Chicago, a man came up and asked the driver the fare to Chicago, and he gave the prospective passenger the price for first, second and third class. After looking the coach over the man wanted to know where the third class passengers would ride and was told anywhere they liked either outside or in. It looked like easy money to the man so he took a third class fare, wondering all the time the occasion for three separate prices for apparently the same accommodation. However, after the stage had proceeded less than half a mile the mystery was suddenly made clear to him. The coach came to a standstill in front of where Mr. Killen's house now stands and the driver, who for some time had bent his energies on the horses to no avail, now turned to the passengers and bawled out: First class passengers sit still, second class passengers get out and walk, third class passengers get out and push."

Speaking of the stage coach also reminds me of another story which my friend Mr. Barnett tells and as he is to speak of the future history of Glencoe I will not be taking any of his ammunition if I use the story:

Mr. Barnett on one of his numerous trips to Washington found that he had a little extra time on his hands and decided to visit Mt. Vernon. While there, he was shown about the grounds by a very old darky—very talkative.

"Massa George," he said, "was a mighty fine man. He was awful good to me."

"Why did you know George?"

"Indeed I did, Massa. I was George Washington's body servant."

"Well, well, is that so?"

"Yes sah, I was with Massa George that winter at Valley Forge. Powerful cold winter that, yes indeed. I was with Massa George that night when he crossed the Delaware. Bless you it was cold that night and the ice was thick."

"Well, well, and were you with George when he hacked the tree?"

"Deed I was, Massa, and I drove the hack."

Perhaps the first political office in the town of New Trier was that of the Justice of the Peace. It was held by Anson H. Taylor. He received his commission from Governor Augustus C. French under date of May 11, 1850 (holding up the document). This is the original document bearing the signature of Governor French. Mr. Taylor in addition to running the hotel, acting as postmaster and serving as Justice of the Peace, did quite a business in hewing timbers and selling cord-wood. He built a pier at the foot of what is now Harbor street, extending five hundred feet out into the lake. Two big schooners, one the "Garter" and the other the "John Lillie" plied between Taylorsport and Chicago, carrying from twenty-five to thirty cords of wood each trip. The schooner "John Lillie" was built at the foot of Harbor street. The hewn timbers were drawn to the lake and there made into rafts and floated to the city. The motor power was a yoke of oxen. The oxen were hitched to the raft in such a manner that the cattle could travel along the sand beach and the chain was attached to the raft at an angle so that the raft would float out some ten or fifteen feet from the shore. Some of the people hauled

their cord-wood to the city by ox-team; the round trip consumed three days. They received one dollar and a half per cord for their wood and usually took it out in groceries.

Another source of income was charcoal burning. Timber was plentiful, and charcoal burning profitable. The entire ridge from the bluff to the Skokie was covered with a heavy growth of white oak, hickory, ash and some walnut. Nearly all of our virgin growth of timber was cut down at that time.

In 1864 the government established a lighthouse at Taylorsport, which stood just north of Harbor street on the Bluff, a little to the east of where W. C. Seipp's house now stands. Mr. Taylor gave the Government two acres of ground on which the lighthouse was built and he was appointed lighthouse keeper. Some who are here tonight remember the ruins of this building which was built of red brick. I remember climbing up into the old round tower where the lamps used to be placed.

Mr. Taylor tells me that deer were plentiful here in those early days, his father used to tell of having seen as many as twenty-five of the common variety of white tail deer in one herd.

Prior to 1850 the nearest school was the one at the Old Garland house, just south of the Winnetka water tower, across from the Hoyt Memorial church. The old foundation may still be seen if one goes back a short distance from Sheridan road.

Probably the first election ever held in New Trier township was at the Garland house. I am told that the voters gathered at the top of the hill in front of the house and those in favor of the candidate ran down the hill; those opposed remained on top. In this way the voters were counted and the successful candidate was determined upon. Later on, the polling place was at Gross Point, where a little community had been established consisting of a few dwellings, a Catholic church and a saloon or two.

Charles E. Browne was the first to see in Glencoe fine possibilities for a residence suburb and he did

much in establishing and developing this village. When a boy of nineteen he left his home and went to Troy, N. Y. where he joined an uncle in the summer of 1835 and together they walked to Chicago. That winter he taught school at the corner of La-Salle and Washington streets where the Chamber of Commerce now stands. At the close of school the latter part of February, 1836, he decided to locate on higher ground. He walked north, passing through this portion of country on his way to Milwaukee. He made the entire journey on foot. I have often heard him tell of that trip and dwell upon the natural beauties which he found at this particular locality. He remained in and about Milwaukee until 1865, when he made Evanston his permanent home. Here he engaged in the real estate business and took an active part in the development of Evanston and Glencoe.

Mr. Diettrich, the father of the Diettrich family in Glencoe, was the first man to make matches in the city of Chicago. He owned a thirty acre tract at the corner of Division and North State streets. There he made a scant living for his family making matches by hand and selling them. In 1843 he sold his property and took his family up north, settling on the Green Bay road just inside of what is now our north limits, in a log house which stood very close to the site where the Widow Schramm's house now stands. When Miss Diettrich married Mr. Schramm he was an engineer, blacksmith and locksmith at Libertyville and received \$12.00 per month. Mrs. Schramm made both ends meet and saved fifty cents out of his first month's pay (a voice from the audience—"Did she put it in the Bank?") That I am unable to say, but you may be interested in knowing that there was a bank in this locality at that time, and a large one too. When I asked where it was I was directed to the foot of Park avenue. I went down there but found it was only a bluff.

At that time there were four families in this immediate vicinity; that of Anson H. Taylor, Michael Gormley, (who owned and occupied

the present site of the Skokie Country Club), the Turnbull family, who live up the Green Bay road just north of our present village limits and a short distance south of the County line, and a family by the name of Ludwig, who lived where August Beinlich now lives.

Franklin Newhall came to Chicago from Massachusetts in 1844, the greater portion of the way by canal boat. Shortly after reaching Chicago he engaged in the apple business at which he was doing fairly well until the panic of 1857. At that time he had his funds in a private bank owned by a Mr. Tinkham, who was as honest as the day was long, but who, with many others, was carried down in the crash, taking with him four or five thousand dollars of Mr. Newhall's money. Mr. Newhall found himself somewhat handicapped but started out bravely to regain his fortune. He laid in a small supply of apples that fall and did fairly well. One day in early January Mr. Tinkham came into his store on South Water street and wanted to know if he could not cancel his debt by turning over to Mr. Newhall some of his property and suggested that he had forty acres of land on the Lake Shore and an undivided 1-3 interest in 60 acres adjoining it; also a 30 acre tract of low land, (Skokie land) at a point about 19 miles north of Chicago. This property he offered to deed to Mr. Newhall in settlement of his claim. He described the property so accurately that Mr. Newhall had no trouble in locating it the next day when he drove out to Glencoe. He was favorably impressed with the offer and the deal was closed. In this round-about way, Mr. Newhall first became interested in "Newhall's Wood" early in 1858. This was ten years before the village was incorporated and Glencoe was more commonly known as the Gurnee Stock Farm.

The Gurnee residence was a portion of what is now Mrs. George Ligare's home and the old stock barn was the one used as a livery by Mr. Maloney until it burned last September.

The first school house built in this neighborhood was in about the year 1850 and was located on the East side of Green Bay road on what is now the Mortimer property, just back of the residence occupied by Mr. J. L. Lane. The people in this district met and cut down trees and hewed the timbers and built a log school house, which was probably used until the 60's. The first "Board of School Directors" were Simon Meaney, Michael Gormley and Mathias Schramm,—this was in the early 60's. The first tax levy for school purposes was "one dollar on the hundred dollars" and the teacher's salary was \$20.00 per month in 1859, and 1860.

In about the year 1862 a frame school house was built. It was located about three hundred feet north of South avenue on the east side of what is now Green Bay road. Later this building was moved across the track fronting south on South avenue, opposite the old store at the corner of South avenue and did service until about 1872 when it was abandoned and sold to Mr. A. W. Fletcher for \$60.00. He removed the building to the north side of Park avenue just west of the alley running north and south between Grove and Bluff streets, where it was occupied for many years as a private residence. About two years ago the building was again sold and is now located down near Hubbard Woods in what is known as the North Shore Subdivision. Both of these school houses were used before the village of Glencoe was incorporated. After the incorporation school was held for a time in the west wing of what is now the Congregational church. The oldest school house built by the Village of Glencoe was in the winter of 1872. This was located on Greenwood avenue where Mr. West's house now stands. 198 feet of ground cost the Village at that time \$1,000 and the contract price for the building was \$3,138.40. This building was destroyed by fire in about the year 1876 and a second building was erected on this site in 1877 at a cost of \$3100. This building was used for school purposes until about the

year 1899, when our handsome brick building which we now use was erected at a cost of a few dollars less than \$20,000. The old buildings and ground were sold at auction and brought \$1,900. The building was removed to Vernon avenue just south of Mr. Beck's store, where it now stands, remodeled into stores and flats.

After the incorporation of the Village of Glencoe, the management of the school was in the hands of the Village Council until the year 1893, when a Board of Directors was elected. The first board of directors consisted of Mrs. Andrew MacLeish, Alexander L. Dewar and Wm. H. Johnson. During their administration they purchased the five acre block on which our present school building is located, at a cost of \$5,000. During a later administration the south end of our territory was lost to the Village of Winnetka. We have on the north a strip of territory belonging to the school district which is not a portion of the Village. This territory extends from the northern line of the Village to the north line of Cook County.

The school passed into the hands of the Board of Education in the year 1896. The first Board of Education consisted of Mr. Forsyth, President, Mrs. E. M. Culver, Mrs. Andrew MacLeish, Mrs. Jennie Hurford, Mr. Granville D. Hall, John Plummer and Jas. K. Calhoun.

Returning to village matters—in the early 50's a coterie of men acquired title to different pieces of property in New Trier along what is now known as the Chicago and Northwestern railroad; a Mr. Dingee acquired title to the property where the Wilmette Depot is located; a Mr. Peck the property where the Winnetka Depot is located; a Mr. Walter S. Gurnee purchased the property where the Glencoe Depot stands; a Mr. Coe the property at Ravinia, and Lawyer Blodgett, better known as Judge Blodgett, acquired a large tract at Little Fort, which is now Waukegan.

It developed later on that all of these men were interested as offi-

cers, directors or stockholders in what was to be known as the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad Company and to Lawyer Blodgett fell the task of securing the right-of-way from Chicago to Little Fort. It was during one of Mr. Blodgett's visits to Glencoe that my friend Mr. Newhall relates this incident, which shows that the lawyer, who was later on to be the dignified judge, had a good deal of the boy in him:

"As they were walking near the Lake Shore, Mr. Blodgett spied an eagle's nest in the top of one of the large trees and wanted to get some of the young eagles, and after a good deal of effort, he succeeded in climbing the tree. As he reached his hand over the nest and took one of the young eagles, they set up a shrill scream which soon brought the mother bird to the rescue. For a time it looked as if Mr. Blodgett would be badly beaten with the mother bird's wings and clawed by her talons. He, however, had presence of mind enough to drop the young birds and make a hasty descent from the tree, a birdless but a wiser man."

Speaking of presence of mind recalls a story of a Jew who was traveling with his wife on a train which was running at a high rate of speed. The train left the track and was badly wrecked, and at first it was feared that many had been killed or badly injured, although it developed later that no one had been hurt. However, our friend the Jew was rushing about in a frantic manner intent upon securing damages, when one of his fellow passengers said "Why how will you get damages, no one was hurt?" "Oh but there was," the Jew replied, "You see I had the presence of mind to kick my wife in the face."

Work was begun on the Chicago & Milwaukee railroad in the year 1852 and trains were running as far as Little Fort in the year 1855. Walter S. Gurnee was President of the Road and intended making his home at Glencoe. He was a man of considerable wealth for those times and had traveled extensively. He cleared his farm and imported a great number of Norway Maples, Scotch

Elms, English Hawthornes and other ornamental trees and shrubbery and, in addition, planted an apple orchard and a pear orchard. A beautiful hawthorne hedge used to line the way of the Northwestern just west of where the depot now stands.

There are two versions of the origin of the name "Glencoe;" one is that it was named for the renowned Scotch valley of that name; the other that Mr. Gurnee desired to honor his wife, whose maiden name was Coe, and having in mind the number of ravines and glens around him, decided to name the place Coe's glen, or Glencoe.

Alexander Hammond, a retired doctor and farmer from Rockford, Illinois, in looking about for a spot for a home learned that the Gurnee farm of Glencoe was for sale. In about the year 1867 he saw it and was infatuated with its beauty and possibilities and bought it from Mr. Gurnee. Dr. Hammond, however, was not a practical business man and therefore was unable to develop the property as a town site. About this time, Charles E. Browne, who was doing a real estate business in Evanston, and who was a practical real estate man, contracted to buy the Gurnee farm, or Glencoe. On the 7th of February 1868, the deal was closed, embracing a tract of 683 acres, more or less. This is the original contract (holding up document). The terms of the contract were that Browne was to pay Hammond \$50,000 for the property and that Browne was to raise a company of eight other men to join in the subdivision of Glencoe. The result was that the subdivision of Glencoe was recorded October 19th, 1868 and the Village was incorporated on the 28th of the following March. The agreement was that each of the ten men should take one share of stock, paying \$5,000. They were also to subscribe \$500.00 to the erection of a church and school room and agreed to pay "\$100 a year for five years for the maintenance of the pastor and \$50 a year for five years for the maintenance of a school teacher and \$100 during the year 1808 for roads,

park and shrubbery. They also agreed to donate in perpetuity for park purposes the block fronting on the lake between Park and Hazel avenues. The original ten men were as follows:

L. L. Greenleaf,
Chas. H. Morse,
Philo Judson,
Gov. John L. Beveridge,
C. L. Jenks,
Dr. John F. Starr,
Steven P. Lunt,
Dr. John Nutt,
Hon. Charles E. Browne,
Dr. Alexander Hammond.

The houses which they built are occupied by the following at the present time:

Mrs. C. H. Howard,
Mr. R. S. Hurford,
Mr. Wm. H. Johnson,
Dr. F. P. Patton,
Dr. O. D. Swain,
Mr. H. C. Holloway,
Mr. C. W. Hess,
Mr. R. W. Stevens,
Mr. C. D. Grassett,
Mr. H. R. Parsons,
Mr. L. H. Cox.

One of the original houses was burned about three years ago. This was on the site where Mr. Flander's house now stands.

Mr. Franklin Newhall who acquired his property in Glencoe before the Village was started, joined the company in making the subdivision and also agreed to build a home, which was completed in the summer of 1869. Dr. John Nutt and Mr. Franklin Newhall, with their families, moved into their new house on July 4th, 1869.

The Congregational church building was completed during the same year. At that time it was a union church but in October, 1872, it was decided to make it a Congregational church.

The first village election was probably held in April 1870. The polling place in the early years was in the depot which at that time stood across the track from the present structure. The building has since been moved farther north and is now used as a freight depot.

Mr. Michael Schindler was our first station agent in the early 50's

and his wife used to flag the through trains which stopped for passengers only.

Unfortunately the early council records were burned in the great Chicago fire, October 8th and 9th, 1871, and we have no official record of the first council elected in the Village of Glencoe. Mr. Franklin Newhall, who was here at that time is of the opinion, that Mr. Philo Judson was the first president of the Village. The first complete council of which we have a record was elected in April, 1871, consisting of Peter N. Sherwood, President; Dr. John F. Starr, Dr. John Nutt, Hovey, Newhall and Pinney, Councilmen.

Almost the first bill passed upon for payment by the above council was "B. Newhall, sawing wood, \$3.00." A little later on we find "W. Willmarth, Janitor, \$6.00."

You may be interested in knowing that the first cattle ordinance was passed on the 6th of May, 1872, and when I came here ten years later, the cattle were still running at large.

At the meeting above referred to, the council outlined the duties of the Street Commissioner, and I do not find that this order has ever been repealed. At that time Jos. Dietrich was Street Commissioner. Here is a pointer for our present council who have been trying to devise ways and means of procuring additional help on our streets during the summer months. The street commissioner was directed to collect a poll tax of \$2.00 from every man over the age of 21 and under the age of 50. The individual had the privilege of working two days on the street in lieu of paying the \$2.00 in cash. The penalty for non-payment or refusal to work on the street was a fine of \$4.00, which was collected through due process of law.

The first Board of Health was appointed August 29th, 1872, and consisted of Michael Gormley and Alexander Hammond.

About this time village politics began to play an important part in the history of our village. You will remember that Taylorsport was

started long before the Village of Glencoe was in existence and Anson H. Taylor was a political factor at that time. He was the first Justice of the Peace and was succeeded by Michael Gormley who held the office for many years. Mr. Gormley was also a member of the first Board of School Directors, who had charge of the old log school and later on the frame school house, to which I have referred, and he was also Township Treasurer for schools for 42 years. I mention these facts to show you that these people were interested in the welfare of this locality before the Glencoe company acquired title to the property.

The election returns of April 1st, 1873, were as follows:

For President,—Dr. John Nutt,

For Councilmen,—John Feht, Dr. Alexander Hammond, C. L. Jenks, Fred W. Newhall and H. B. Willmarth.

Dr. Nutt was out of the village at the time and for some months thereafter, and as a result, failed to qualify, the council electing in his place H. B. Willmarth. Shortly thereafter, C. L. Jenks removed to the city and E. L. Taylor was elected councilman. Fred W. Newhall failed to qualify and Michael Gormley was elected in his stead. Apparently no one was elected to fill Mr. Willmarth's vacancy on the council when he became President. Dr. Hammond failed to attend meetings during the following January and the council declared his seat vacant and elected Mr. Burns to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Gormley, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Burns and Mr. Feht were all residents of this territory before the Glencoe company was organized and this was the first time they had been in power since they had been deposed by the company who outnumbered them at the polls. They immediately proceeded to make their future election sure and one of the first acts of their body was to pass an ordinance dividing the village into four wards. This ordinance was posted February 12, 1874, and became operative at the election held the following April.

The division into wards was as follows:

South avenue was the dividing line between the north and the south, and the railroad between the east and the west. That portion of the village lying south of South avenue and west of the railroad was known as the first ward. All that portion lying south of South avenue and east of the railroad was known as the second ward, and the territory lying north of South avenue and east of the railroad track together with blocks No. 21-23-33 and that portion of block 20 on which the Hammond and Newberry houses stood, and block 44 were included in the third ward. This territory which included the blocks lying between Vernon avenue and the right-of-way of the Chicago & Northwestern was included in the third ward because of the fact that there were five voters in this territory who could be counted on by the Glencoe company. The remainder of the village was known as the fourth ward.

The ordinance provided that the president should be elected by the village at large and two councilmen from each ward.

These divisions bunched the Glencoe company and their political friends in the third ward and while they outnumbered the voters in the other three wards they were unable to control the elections.

Some of you have the opinion that Mr. James F. Dennis has held office continuously since the Village was started. The records show that Mr. Dennis was not elected to office until the year 1875. However, he held three offices during that year. He was first elected as Collector; later on resigned that office and was appointed Treasurer, and still later in the year resigned the office of Treasurer and was elected Councilman. Some of the older residents had an idea that at one time Frank Schramm had been Street Commissioner since the Village was organized. The records show that Frank was elected Street Commissioner on the 3d of April, 1877, and I can certify that he filled the office

very acceptably for a number of years.

During the years which followed the division of the Village into wards, there was a constant striving each spring by the party out of power to regain control of village affairs and the boundaries of the wards were changed from time to time as the population shifted, the last change resulting in three wards instead of four, which reduced the number of councilmen to six. The longed for chance to abolish the wards in the Village came at the meeting held March 1st, 1881. At that meeting the roll call showed the President and three councilmen present which constituted a quorum—three councilmen were absent. An ordinance was presented and passed abolishing the wards in the Village of Glencoe, and at the following April election the President and five members of the council were elected from the Village at large.

Those elections were very interesting to many of us. There was no attempt at a caucus or a public meeting. The tickets were usually prepared at some star chamber session and the voters in general had no knowledge of whom the candidates would be until they came to the polls on the morning of the election. The polling place for many years was in the depot; later on the school house on Greenwood avenue served as the polling place until the village hall was built in 1894. Since its erection, the village elections have been held in the council chamber.

I might continue indefinitely by speaking of the later developments such as paved streets beginning with Sheridan road, the water system, sewers, viaduct, electric road, cement walks, and our well-advertised "bumps," but these are matters of record known to most of you.

Gentlemen, Glencoe has been my home for the past twenty-six years and as I have watched her improvement during that period and studied closely her growth before that time, from earliest beginnings, I feel the force of Marcus Aurelius' words—he says—"Whatever happens at all,

happens as it should. Thou wilt find this true, if thou shouldst watch narrowly."

JAMES K. CALHOUN.

GLENCOE IN HISTORY

By Otto R. Bennett.

Many men have had dreams, and some of them have set to work to make their dreams come true. Some one has said, that after all, the most practical man is the dreamer who sees visions and who then makes those visions real.

Forty years ago such a dreamer had a vision of an ideal community, where busy professional and business men could leave behind them the dirt, the noise and all the unbeautiful surroundings of the big city, and when the day's work was done, could go home to their families and to pleasant, restful, neighborly relations, where they would be surrounded by all of the natural beauties of country life, supplemented by those additions and improvements which should be made by men of good taste in comfortable circumstances.

He dreamed of such a community of cultivated and congenial people, in attractive homes, set back in spacious grounds, located among the ravines and in the forest groves of the north shore, with the everchanging lake for a background, a suburb with winding roads, bordered by overreaching trees which should be more like one great estate with numerous homes, rather than the more familiar type of village.

And so in the late 60's, he went up and down the bluffs and ravines of the north shore, seeking that spot which, possessing the most natural beauty, should furnish a fit setting for the village of his dream.

It is by no accident that Glencoe was selected as the spot for this village. After all the features and advantages of the elm groves further south, of the ravines of Lake Bluff and Lake Forest, and the woods of Highland Park were fully considered he unhesitatingly decided that Glencoe was the place whose beauty appealed to him most strongly.

What later became the original village of Glencoe, was then, for the most part, occupied by the Gurnee stock farm.

Dr. Alexander Hammond, the man of whom I have been speaking, and who was the father and original planner of Glencoe, then obtained an option on the property, where he planned to build this village, but being of limited resources and not a keen business man, he looked about him for a man who would supply the qualities which he did not possess, and who could interest others to join in forming a company to acquire this property and to organize the village of Glencoe.

He found such a man in Charles E. Browne, father of our neighbor Mrs. Wm. J. Underwood, and well known to some of our older residents. With the active co-operation of Mr. Browne he then enlisted the interest of eight other men who formed the original Glencoe Company, and proceeded to lay out the village, partly in accordance with Dr. Hammond's ideas, and partly otherwise. Among these men were our old friend and neighbor, Dr. John Nutt, Luther L. Greenleaf, Philo Judson, Chancellor L. Jenks, and others.

I understand that it was the original intention that each of these men should make his home in Glencoe, and that each man should build at least one large house or two smaller houses.

Dr. Hammond took as his home, the building now known as the Ligare place, west of the station, at that time a place with splendid grounds which extended far to the large orchard opposite to which was later built the school house where Mr. West's home now stands. It may well be imagined the proximity of the orchard to the school house was a source of no little delight to the school boys. Here, Dr. Hammond set out to maintain a choice country estate. He imported many trees of many kinds so that even to-day, more varieties of choice trees can be found in Ligare place than elsewhere in the village. Large numbers of Norway spruce trees were purchased and set out in different parts of the village, and clusters of them were planted along the railroad right-of-way, where they beautified the right-of-way for many years, until ruthlessly the telephone company cut them down to avoid interference with its wires. Dr. Nutt selected for his residence, a beautiful spot where since has been built the home we know as Craigie Lea, but as the location was remote from the other houses at that

time, Dr. Nutt built his temporary residence which has been known for so many years as The Elm, and so different homes were built, and every step in the laying out of the village was taken with much thought by those who planned in the first place to make it their own village home. That the saloon might never gain a foothold in Glencoe, it was promptly agreed that every deed to property in Glencoe should contain the limitation that intoxicating liquors should never be sold on the property, under penalty of forfeiting its title. These covenants are in full force to-day. As a further protection, a similar clause was embodied in the special charter of the Village of Glencoe which was prepared by the late Harvey B. Hurd.

East of the track it was agreed that no building lot should be less than 132 feet in width, nor, if I remember rightly, less than 200 feet in depth, although 66 feet in width was the limitation for lots on the west side. Many winding roads were laid out on the east side of the track, giving a park-like effect, which if adhered to would have left Glencoe at the present time on the east of the track with much the same appearance as is now found at Lake Forest. For most of the fathers of the village agreed that the typical checkerboard arrangement of streets was anything but artistic, and however necessary it might be in a city, was neither necessary nor desirable in such a suburb. Some of these roads remain, others have been vacated or forgotten.

Even in the naming of the streets the same ideas prevailed. It was thought to name a highway Main street or Jones avenue, or Smith boulevard, showed a want of imagination, and an inappropriateness which was to be avoided, and so upon Mrs. Nutt devolved largely the selection of names for the streets. Recognizing the railway as a line of division between the east and west sides of the village, and seeking to avoid the common resource of naming the street as West Main street or East Main street, it was decided that each street should change its name as it crossed the railroad. That the east and west streets on the east side of the track should be named after the trees, those on the west side of the track should be named after the birds, while north and south streets and winding roads should

be the avenues. This was the general plan, of course, not strictly adhered to. The Main street leading from the station to the park was Park avenue, the next street south of it was Hazel avenue, then came Hawthorne avenue, and so on. As Hazel avenue crossed the track, it became Oriole avenue. As the main east and west street crossed the track, it became Eagle avenue, being deemed appropriate that the main street should be named after king of the birds. So all through, we find evidence of loving thought and poetic fancy which characterized the planning and building of Glencoe. And there is much in the recollection of these facts which should speak to us in our plans for the completion of that which was so beautifully and lovingly begun forty years ago.

The best laid plans of mice and men, we are often told, gang aley, and the plans for the building of Glencoe were no exception. Dr. Hammond dreaming his dreams of the village beautiful, failed to prepare for the financial storms which were imminent and the panic of the early 70's found him with his resources spread out in equities in heavily incumbered properties so that he soon found himself without a foot of land in Glencoe or elsewhere that belonged to him. Luther L. Greenleaf, who in his prosperous days presented a library to the village of Evanston, in later days drove a milk wagon to earn his living in that same community. And so, changes of fortune interfered more or less with the plans of Glencoe, and yet much that was done was so well done that all generations to come will reap the benefit of it. The saloon as an authorized business is forever shut out from our village. The park which was set aside for public use, insures access to the lake for all time, and at every turn, thoughtful man is confronted by evidences of the plans and work of the fathers of the village which should be an inspiration to carry forward their ideas.

A little over thirty years ago, I first came to Glencoe, and well I remember my first remark, "Where are the houses?" There were not many houses in Glencoe at that time, and those which were here, were so embowered in the foliage of the surrounding trees that it was hard to see more than one or two houses at a time, even from high points.

My first acquaintance among the

boys of Glencoe was made as I played at see-saw on the board supported on the dividing fence with a little fellow whose rosy cheeks, as fair as any girl's, made him appear as if he were constantly blushing. This pink-cheeked little fellow's name was Mac Howard. Another small boy came over to the yard of the Bartlett house where we were then living, now known as the Hurford home, and Howard Nutt and I became very deeply interested in the possibilities of an empty tobacco bag. Not far away was the home of Mr. Hovey, with what seemed a countless number of children, where the Flanders house now stands, and east and south from these homes there was an unbroken stretch of woodland, ravines, bluffs and beach which was a very paradise for us boys. North from Park avenue and east of Downing avenue was another unbroken stretch of woodland, all of it then known as Newhall's woods, where we ran wild all through the summer days, building huts, gathering the earliest flowers and spending hours and hours in the boy's dear delight of going in swimming, all up and down the beach where no unsightly piers or breakwaters obtruded, although, of course, after great storms, large sections of the bluff would be undermined and washed away.

All through the village was a perfect paradise for wild flowers, and in the fall he was indeed a boy without enterprise, if he had not at least gathered a bushel of hickory nuts, but more likely a barrel full for the winter use.

For skating, we little fellows did not venture in the Skokie, that mysterious realm of marsh, but what hours we did put in clearing snags out of Newhall's pond in the hollow back of the church, or perhaps in Starr's pond not far from Mr. Markham B. Orde's present home, and sometimes a crowd of us would go down to the pond near the old Taylor place on the Green Bay road.

On my first venture to school, I lost my heart completely to a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, with the most fascinating golden curls, and it was often my dearest delight when she would consent to let me draw her home from school on my sled, way down to the south end of town where she may now be found, not far from a very dignified sign which reads, E. M. Culver, M. D. The small handful of neighbors which we had at that

time were like a big congenial family who entertained each other informally, who sent to each other some of their choicest strawberries or sweetest corn, or best potatoes, while the ladies got together once a week at the meetings of the Woman's Literary Club under the long continued presidency of Mrs. Nutt. And those were barefoot days, too, for none of the boys I knew but wore shoes and stockings in summer under protest, and if they were in evidence when they left home during vacation days, it was pretty sure, shoes and stocking would be hid under a nearby sidewalk in a very few minutes. Some of the rest of you were here in those days, when you might see a little brown-eyed maid joyously sliding down a slanting roof, some years before she had acquired the dignity of a husband who is cashier of the Northern Trust Company. And there were our teachers in the old school house. For instance, Mr. Flagg, who was so tall and slender that once when he was missing it was claimed he was found squeezed in between the edge of the door and the door jamb. Miss Ida Law, beloved by the boys as their day school teacher, who also became their Sunday school teacher, after others had tried it and given up in despair. And then there was Jennie Munch. There never was quite such a teacher for some of us as Jennie Munch, who had to make up in attempts of dignity for the slight difference in years between herself and her older pupils, but it may be imagined she was not wholly successful in this regard when we recall that she once offered as a school prize, a peck of roasted peanuts, which I subsequently had the pleasure of distributing to such an extent that there weren't any left by the time I got home, but she did teach us a lot, and she handled us very well. I always thought it was the practice she had with the boys and girls of those days which enabled her to manage so well the troop of boys and girls which subsequently came to the house of Hurford. And even now we can't quite think of her as grandma, even when we see Mother Blanche with the perambulator and the youngest of the Calhouns.

And so, I might reminisce for a long time of those boyhood days in Glen-coe, of which as a boy, Grandpa Newhall knew no more than did Brother Calhoun. I might tell you of pigeon

shoots that were held back of Dr. Nutt's cherry orchard, not far from the north end of the golf links, of the old baseball grounds in the same neighborhood, and the standing feud between the boys and the church janitor, Ralph Miller, as to whether or not the church bell should be rung at half past three in the morning on the Fourth of July, although in one way or another we usually managed to ring it and get away before Mr. Miller could catch us.

I have not indulged in these reminiscences wholly without purpose, for I think in the past history of the village we should find inspiration which should lead us to dream of a village more beautiful and should then inspire us to make our dreams come true.

Some of this we have done already. We have dreamed of improvements which should take us out of the mud and away from the kerosene lamps, which should make it no longer necessary for us to hunt through the village for the family cow at nightfall or as an alternative to tramp over to the neighbors for our milk supply. We have dreamed of a modern school and it has risen before our eyes, surrounded by grounds which have been partially beautified, but where much more may be done. We have dreamed of a beautiful entrance to our village, and we have seen an attractive station erected in place of the little old red station which we first knew and which now does duty as a freight house. We have seen much work done toward beautification of the village, sometimes by the care and efforts of an individual and sometimes by work of the village Improvement Society. We have seen paved streets, a water system, sewer system, gas and electric lights and the telephone come, and yet with a sigh we realize with their advent, much of the beauty of the old order has passed away with some things which were not beautiful.

And we have seen some visions which have melted away in misty air. I have in mind especially a vision of a beautiful steel viaduct which should carry the Green Bay road over Hazel avenue and a vision of land east of the station donated and dedicated as a village park through the efforts of the Chicago Milwaukee & Electric Railway. Those visions have faded away, but there is much that should

be done that can be done and that will be done if we as a community determine that it shall be so.

The block of land east of the railway station ought never to be built up. It is not attractive as a residence site and the erection of business buildings there should never be permitted. Years ago a store was built on that block and the owner of it was given a choice of selling the building or of being boycotted. He decided to sell and the building was removed.

In later years when there was again danger of such buildings on that block the public spirit of the people was shown and a number of our citizens joined together and bought the property in order to preserve it from such use.

We have a library board authorized to establish and maintain a public library. The board has somewhere about \$1500.00 on hand and a growing annual income which is between \$800 and \$900 a year. I believe that this block opposite the station should be acquired and beautified as a public park, that the men of means should erect an attractive library building upon that park. I believe that much can be done for the further improvement of our school grounds and am strongly in favor of having a good athletic field on those grounds so that the boys and young men of the village may have a place which can be freely used as a place of healthy recreation and to the end that the public money invested in this property may be of the wisest public benefit, just as I believe that the use of the auditorium in the school building for all reasonable purposes under proper restrictions should be encouraged and that the school building should be recognized as a constantly used public gathering place. And in that same connection I believe that the plan which was for a while in force some years ago of having meetings of the community at stated intervals for discussion of matters of common interest should be encouraged that we may all work together for the common good.

It is a matter of regret that in the forty years of the life of the village, more has not been done in the way of setting out trees along the roadways, and I think that each of us should do his part in this regard with a view to the beautification of the village as a whole. Much has been done along all of these lines, much more can be done,

and will be done if we will foster the community spirit as I believe we will do. And so in the future of Glencoe I see a substantial realization of the dreams and plans of forty years ago: A God-fearing community, working together for the best ideals of life, and working together to make this a more beautiful village of attractive homes, and with the best surroundings which can be provided to develop public spirit and clean-minded intelligent American citizenship.

MR. NEWHALL'S PAPER.

(Franklin Newhall is by common consent called Glencoe's "Oldest Inhabitant," for, if there be another within our limits who has lived more years on earth, he has not lived so many years in Glencoe, and vice versa.

Being asked to contribute a paper on Glencoe for the meeting of the Men's Club, Mr. Newhall wrote the following, which was read by Simeon F. Newhall.)

On a morning in early June, about the year 1866 or 1867, I was walking with Professor Babcock, an ardent geologist from Boston, along the lake shore in Glencoe. When about midway between Central avenue and the large ravine on the north, a great boulder in the bank suddenly attracted his attention and he started hurriedly toward it. Arriving, he threw himself upon the stone, fingering it, scaling off little pieces, looking closely at the little shells and petrefactions on it. Presently I heard him say, "Ah, my friend, you've come a long distance."

Some of those present have doubtless seen this boulder; it is ponderous, the largest on the shore, weighing as much as a house. It is partly in the sand and partly in the clay bluff, jutting out. It is entirely different in its character and quality from the rock outside the ridge.

After examining the boulder, the Professor directed his attention to the bluff above, asking many questions as to the character of the bluff and ridge, with which he was somewhat familiar, having been up from the city to Glencoe, before. He then told me, what I had not known before, that this ridge, beginning at Winnetka and extending northward through Glencoe, Highland Park, etc., is as old as the glacial period and is a deposit from a glacier or glaciers.

This ridge, or "hog-back" as it is sometimes vulgarly called, is entirely different from the dark, rich Illinois prairie on the south or the sandy loam farther west; it is hard, stiff clay, abounding in stones of all sizes, forms and qualities, but no ledges of rock.

This soil is hard of cultivation, but when properly tilled and fertilized it produces of the grains, fruits, vegetables, not the largest quantity, but the finest quality of each. The connoisseur will tell you that the sweet corn and fruit grown on this soil is incomparably better and sweeter than that from the rich dark soil of the prairie. The same is true of the lima bean and other beans, peas, as also beets, carrots, and oyster plant; there may be one exception—the potato, which requires sandy soil.

The forest growth of this glacier ridge is interesting. The trees are stalwart, the oak predominating. Of the oak genus there are several varieties, the white, red, black, swamp, burr, etc. Of maple there are two native varieties, the hard or sugar maple and the soft maple. Ash, two varieties, hickory, two. Also elm, cherry, birch, linden, ironwood, poplar, cottonwood, and the evergreens, pine, cedar and juniper. Of native bushes we have a great variety—dogwood, hazel, witch hazel, sumac, great mounds of them, a sight to behold when it is in its glory of autumn colors. The original forest trees were cut about seventy years ago, leaving only, here and there, an old oak—like the monarch in Mr. Power's yard opposite my house. This is said to be the largest oak in Cook County. The present stand of timber in the woods is of seventy, sixty, fifty and down to twenty-five years' growth.

Apples and pears grow finely on this clay ridge. The old clay orchard planted fifty years ago by Mr. Gurnee, near Mr. McLeish's charming peninsular grounds, has given place to things of the rarest beauty. I have sampled those pears many times and declare that for quality the Seckel and Bartlett from those trees rivaled the standard ones from New York. The peach grown here is superior, but the fruit is liable to be killed in severe winters.

The ridge is exceedingly rich in its native flora. Professor Babcock, who was a fine botanist, frequently came to Glencoe in spring to study its flowers. He said he found rare ones and spoke of one he had never seen elsewhere except on a hillside near Fox-

bury, Mass. The flowers are quite too numerous to mention names here, but I must instance that marvel of the ravine, the hepatica, which for varied beauty and delicacy is rarely matched. But one flower we lack, "Trailing Arbutus." I plead guilty that we haven't it, for I believe it fairly belongs in the beds of the ravine under the grape vines or bittersweet, where the sand is blown in near the lake. Who will volunteer to install it in our midst? The one who does will be blessed by present and future generations.

I note that I am invited to bring the "pipe." It does not state what the pipe shall be. There is but one pipe with which I am familiar, the "Indian pipe," grown on the ravine bank. It does not thrive in zero weather and I am quite unable to bring it! I am sincerely sorry, for it is a sight to please the eye and gladden the heart; it is purest white, sometimes softened with a suspicion of cream or gold.

I know well that many of those present are eager, impatient, not to say crazy, to hear about the "Indian Tree." Perhaps it would be cruel to disabuse some of these of their cherished idea, that the horizontal oak, found here and there in the woods, is the deft mark of the red man to mark his way to and from his hunting grounds. The truth is that the force which does this is much older than the red man.

An old oak, giving way at its root, may fall upon a young, vigorous, elastic one, bringing it to the ground without in the least disturbing its root. Then, by degrees, the top of the young tree, prone to the ground, dies, and a new perpendicular top springs up from the bent trunk. This then becomes your horizontal-upright "Indian Tree." I have known three of this kind in my woods.

I well nigh forgot to speak of the dear old "Virginia rail fence." This was a legacy from a German farmer. But I have done something to preserve it, bringing the rails from a distance to Central avenue and restoring a section east of Greenleaf avenue, but these rails are gradually disappearing, going rail by rail, to other realms. I suspect because they make wonderful kindling.

I must here make haste to say that Mrs. Glasner has imported a large quantity of these "Virginias" and has built a solid "Virginia rail fence" off the Sheridan road, fastening it down securely with the dear old permanent device. "stake and rider."

